

The Simpsons

"Bart the Genius"

Written by

John Vitti

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THE SIMPSONS

"Bart the Genius"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
MARTIN.....RUSSI TAYLOR
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
CONDUCTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SECRETARY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
DR. PRYOR.....HARRY SHEARER
SMALL BOY.....JOANN HARRIS
MS. MELON.....MARCIA WALLACE
SIDNEY.....RUSSI TAYLOR
CECILE.....RUSSI TAYLOR
CALVIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
TANYA.....JOANN HARRIS
IAN.....JOANN HARRIS
ETHAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MR. PRINCE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LEWIS.....RUSSI TAYLOR
RICHARD.....JOANN HARRIS
TEACHER.....HARRY SHEARER

BART THE GENIUS

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSONS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Simpsons are gathered around a wobbly card table, playing a board game.

BART

Come on, Mom.

LISA

Yeah, Mom, hurry up.

MARGE

All right... Hmmm... How about "he"?

She places the tiles forming the word "he" on the board. A shot of the board shows that all the words are on this level -- "he", "hat", "egg", "go", "can". "The" is used twice.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Two points. Your turn, dear.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Hmmm. How could anyone
make a word out of these lousy letters?

We see that Homer's tiles are arranged O-X-I-D-I-Z-E.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, wait! Here's a good one -- "do".

He places his tiles on the board. Lisa takes her turn
immediately.

LISA

"Id." Triple word score.

HOMER

Hey! No abbreviations!

LISA

Not I.D., Dad. Id. It's a word.

BART

As in "This game is stup-id."

HOMER

Hey, shut up, boy.

LISA

Yeah, Bart. You're supposed to be
developing verbal abilities for your
big aptitude test tomorrow.

MARGE

We could look this "id" thing up in the
dictionary.

HOMER

We got one?

MARGE

I think it's under the short leg of the couch.

Homer takes the dictionary out from under the couch, stopping at the fruit bowl to get himself a banana on the way back. He starts to hand the dictionary to Marge, but Lisa grabs it away, opens it, and reads from it.

LISA

"Id. Along with the ego and the superego, one of three components of the psyche."

HOMER

(DUBIOUS) Get outta here.

BART

My turn. "Kwyjibo." K-W-Y-J-I-B-O.
Twenty-two points. Plus triple word score. Plus fifty points for using all my letters. Game's over. I'm outta here.

He places the tiles on the board. Then as he starts to leave, Homer grabs him.

HOMER

Wait a minute, you little cheater.
You're not going anywhere until you tell me what a kwyjibo is.

BART

Kwyjibo: Uh, a big, dumb, balding...

BART'S P.O.V. - HOMER EATING THE BANANA

BART (CONT'D)

North American ape... with no chin...

MARGE

And a short temper.

HOMER

I'll show you a big dumb balding ape!

Homer starts after Bart, knocking the card table over in the process.

BART

Uh oh, Kwyjibo on the loose!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING - NEXT DAY

It is shortly before the time to go inside for class. Children are seen getting off buses, playing kickball, shooting marbles, and jumping rope. In a corner of the playground is Bart, surrounded by a group of BOYS, including MILHOUSE, who is white, RICHARD, who is Asian, and LEWIS, who is black. Bart is spray-painting a picture of Principal Skinner on a school wall. Under the picture it says: "Principle Skinner". A word balloon from the drawing's mouth says: "I am a weiner". Everyone is laughing. Bart's hands are covered with red paint.

ELSEWHERE ON THE PLAYGROUND

PRINCIPAL SKINNER is strolling around, looking for troublemakers in his spare time. He points to a BOY.

SKINNER

You, there! No chewing gum on school grounds. In the trash can with it!

MARTIN PRINCE, every teacher's pet, comes running up to Skinner.

MARTIN

Principal Skinner! One of my fellow
children is vandalizing school
property.

SKINNER

Oh? Where?

They dash off together. Back in the corner, Bart is
signing his work with a set of red handprints.

MILHOUSE

Look out Bart, here comes Skinner!

BART

Yikes.

He tosses the can away. Skinner arrives on the scene.
Bart hides his hands behind his back.

SKINNER

Umm... Whoever did this is in very
deep trouble.

MARTIN

And a sloppy speller, too. The
preferred spelling of wiener is
W-I-E-N-E-R, although E-I is an
acceptable ethnic variant.

SKINNER

Good boy. Boys, let's see your hands.

One by one the other boys do so, until only Bart is left.

SKINNER

(CHECKING HANDS) Mmm-hmm... good...
okay... Simpson?

Bart shows his red palms unhappily.

MARTIN

You might say you caught him red-
handed!

The school bell RINGS.

SKINNER

Simpson, you and I are going to have a
little talk.

BART

Same time, same place?

SKINNER

Yes, in my office after school.

KIDS

Oooh!

BART

(GULPS)

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

The students file into the classroom from the playground. Bart sits at his desk, which is next to the teacher's and near a window. Martin walks past Bart on the way to his seat.

MARTIN

Bart. I hope you won't bear some sort
of simple-minded grudge against me. I
was merely trying to fend off the
desecration of the school building.

BART

Eat my shorts.

MARTIN

Pardon.

Martin walks away and Mrs. Krabappel addresses the class as she hands test booklets to the students at the front of each row, who pass them back.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now I don't want you to worry, class.

These tests will have no effect on your grades. They merely determine your future social status and financial success. (TO BART) If any.

Martin raises his hand.

MARTIN

Mrs. Krabappel, isn't Bart supposed to face the window so he won't be tempted to look at his neighbor's paper?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

You're right, Martin. Bart?

Bart turns his desk with an annoyed GRUNT.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Remember to visualize the complex problems. And relax. The test will start ... NOW!!

The test books **SNAP** open and the room falls silent. As we see the students working, the only sounds are the occasional **CREAKING** of chairs, **SCRIBBLING PENCILS**, and **FLIPPING** of pages. Bart looks very frustrated, pushing his open palms vicelike against the sides of his head. He takes a look and sees that Martin is whizzing through the material, a carefree grin on his face. Bart sags.

BART

(QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) At seven-thirty a.m. an express train traveling sixty miles an hour leaves Santa Fe bound for Phoenix, five hundred and twenty miles away.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(WHISPERING, TAPS HER HEAD) Shhhhhh!
Visualize it, Bart!

BART (V.O.)

At the same time a local train traveling thirty miles an hour and carrying forty passengers leaves Phoenix bound for Santa Fe.

The scene DISSOLVES to Bart's visualization of the problem. A train pulls out of a station marked "Phoenix" with a clock reading 7:30. There is only one track shown.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

It's eight cars long and always carries the same number of passengers in each car.

Inside the train, Bart sees himself standing near the doors. He looks down the length of the car. Superimposed is the equation $40 - 8 =$, then over the heads of each of the passengers in the car appear the numbers 1 2 3 4 5. Bart is pleased so far. The train is shown rolling through the countryside as the narration continues. He is wearing a watch and looks at it; it reads 8:30.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

An hour later, a number of passengers
equal to half the number of minutes
past the hour get off, but three times
as many plus six get on.

Bart is knocked about in the doorway by the exiting and
entering passengers. A briefcase bops him in the stomach.

BART (CONT'D)

Oof!

The passengers step over him. The train is shown pulling
into another station. The clock reads 9:10.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

At the second stop half the passengers
plus two get off, but twice as many get
on as got on at the first stop.

The car is now a mass of humanity. People are moving
around, getting into seats, getting out of seats to let
others in. Numbers appear over their heads, but are
confused as the people cross paths. Random numbers and
signs start popping up: 8, 327, 211, $18 \frac{1}{2}$, 32.54, etc.
Suddenly a CONDUCTOR is next to Bart.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket, please.

BART

(FRIGHTENED) I don't have a ticket.

CONDUCTOR

Come with me, boy.

The conductor drags Bart out the door and into the cab of
the locomotive by his collar. Nonsensical and incorrect
equations swim over Bart's head. The ENGINEER has his back
turned, and is shoveling coal into the engine.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

We've got a stowaway here, sir.

BART

I'll pay! How much?

The Engineer turns around. It is Martin.

MARTIN

Twice the fare from Tucson to Flagstaff
minus two thirds of the fare from
Albuquerque to El Paso. (LAUGHS
DEMONICALLY)

Bart looks out the side window and sees a sign: "Santa Fe
XX Miles". Principal Skinner is just finishing blacking
out the number with red spray paint. He LAUGHS DEMONICALLY
at Bart.

Bart looks back inside the cab and sees he is alone. A
TRAIN WHISTLE sounds. Looking out the front window, Bart
sees the train from Santa Fe bearing down rapidly. Bart's
eyes bug out. The WHISTLES become louder.

BART

Yaaaaahhh!

The TRAINS SMASH into each other with an enormous CRASH,
and the scene suddenly cuts back to the classroom. Bart
has fallen straight back in his chair and is lying in it,
arms straight out from his sides.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, there are students in this class
with a chance to do well. Will you
stop bothering them?

MARTIN

He's not bothering me, Mrs. Krabappel.
I'm finished. May I go outside and
read under a tree?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Certainly, Martin.

As Bart gets back up, Martin puts his paper back inside his test booklet and places it on the corner of Mrs. Krabappel's desk, within arm's length of Bart, and leaves.

BART'S P.O.V.

Bart looks out the window and sees Martin thumbing his nose and sticking his tongue out at him. An ugly-face duel ensues.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, Bart? Are
those naughty dogs back again?

Mrs. Krabappel goes to the window. She looks around for naughty dogs.

MRS. KRABAPPEL'S P.O.V.

Martin has returned to reading under the tree.

BACK TO SCENE

With lightning speed, Bart snatches Martin's paper off Mrs. Krabappel's desk, erases Martin's name from the top, writes in his own, and puts the paper back. Mrs. Krabappel sits down.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

You have twenty minutes, class.

Bart erases his own name from his test paper and writes in Martin's. He grins and, **HUMMING A HAPPY TUNE**, begins to fill in his answer sheet quickly and haphazardly.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATER

Homer and Marge are walking across the playground.

MARGE

He's a good boy now, and he's getting better, and sometimes even the best sheep stray from the flock and need to be hugged extra hard.

HOMER

That's exactly the kind of crapola that's lousing him up. (NOTICES THE PICTURE OF THE PRINCIPAL) Hey, look at this! "I am a weiner." (CHUCKLES) He sure is!

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL SKINNER'S OFFICE

Principal Skinner is at his desk. Bart sits opposite him, feet dangling nervously.

SECRETARY

(OVER INTERCOM) Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are here.

SKINNER

Send them in.

Bart GULPS and cringes.

BART'S P.O.V. - PARENTS

They enter.

MARGE

Hello again, Principal Skinner.

HOMER

(TO BART) What have you done this time, boy?

BACK TO SCENE

SKINNER

I caught your son defacing school property this morning. We estimate the damage at \$75, and frankly, we think it's terribly unfair that other taxpayers should foot the bill.

HOMER

Yeah, it's a crummy system, but what are you gonna do?

Marge **WHISPERS** into Homer's ear.

HOMER

Oh, no. He can't mean that.

Marge nods.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My wife thinks you want me to pay for it.

SKINNER

That was the idea.

HOMER

Oh.

Homer grimaces, glares at Bart, takes out a check and starts writing. The principal walks over to the file cabinet.

SKINNER

By itself something like this might not call for an extreme penalty...

Skinner goes to the file cabinet, pulls out a drawer marked "Simpson, Bart" and takes out one of many files.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

...but this is not an isolated incident. Bart's behavior is unruly. He's frequently absent from school, then gives teachers pathetic excuse notes...

He takes a letter out of the file reading "Please excuse Bart. He was sick. Homer Simpson". It is written in an infantile scrawl.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

...that are obviously childish forgeries when compared to...

He looks at the check for seventy-five dollars Homer has just given him. It is filled out in the same infantile scrawl.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Well, at any rate, it is my reluctant decision --

SFX: INTERCOM BUZZES.

SECRETARY

(OVER INTERCOM) Mr. Skinner, Doctor Pryor is here to see you. He says it's urgent.

SKINNER

(INTO INTERCOM) Send him in.

The district psychiatrist Dr. J. LOREN PRYOR, a large man with longish thinning grey hair and a beard, enters.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, this our district psychiatrist, Dr. J. Loren Pryor.

HOMER

What do we need a psychiatrist for? We know our kid is nuts.

DR. PRYOR

Oh, on the contrary. I have some very exciting news for all of us. This aptitude test we administered this morning has revealed that the young Bart here is what we call a "gifted child".

HOMER

A what?

DR. PRYOR

Your son is a genius, Mr. Simpson.

MARGE

Bart?

HOMER

This lunkhead?

SKINNER

Impossible.

DR. PRYOR

No, no, we're quite certain. The child is not supposed to know his own I.Q., of course, but, uh, you can see it is beyond the range of any doubt.

He writes the number on a piece of paper and gives it to Homer.

HOMER

(AMAZED) Nine hundred and twelve?

DR. PRYOR

Uh, no, you have it upside down. It's
two hundred and sixteen.

HOMER

(CRESTFALLEN) Oh.

DR. PRYOR

That's still amazingly high.

Dr. Pryor takes a pair of calipers out of his jacket pocket and measures the width and height of Bart's head. He takes out a notebook and writes down the figures.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Tell me, Bart, are you ever bored in
school?

BART

Oh, you bet.

DR. PRYOR

Uh hmmm... Ever feel a little
frustrated?

BART

All the time, sir.

DR. PRYOR

Uh huh. Do you ever dream of leaving
your class to pursue your own
intellectual development on an
independent basis?

BART

Wow, it's like you're reading my mind,
man.

DR. PRYOR

(TO PARENTS) Aha... You see, when a
child with Bart's intellect is forced
to slow down to the pace of a normal
person, he's probably going to lash out
in ways (PICKS UP BART'S FILES) like
these.

SKINNER

(ASIDE TO DR. PRYOR) I think we should
re-test him.

DR. PRYOR

No, no, I think we should move him to
another school.

SKINNER

Oh. Better yet.

DR. PRYOR

Bart, we'd like you to try a kind of
school that doesn't rely on grades, and
rules, and bells, and buzzers. (WAVES
HIS HAND IN A DISMISSING FASHION) A
school without walls. Where you do as
much or as little of the assignments as
you feel you need to. Does that sound
good, Bart?

BART

Sign me up, Doc.

DR. PRYOR

Excellent. We're all set, then.

Here's all the information you need.

(HANDS BART SOME LEAFLETS) Show up
around nine-ish. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson,
congratulations once again.

SKINNER

I think we're all in a mood to
celebrate.

The Simpsons get up to leave.

HOMER

Doc, this is all too much. I mean, my
son a genius -- how does it happen?

DR. PRYOR

Well, genius-level intelligence is
usually the result of heredity and
environment...

DR. PRYOR'S P.O.V. - HOMER AND MARGE

Homer is scratching himself.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Uh... Although in some cases it's a
total mystery.

INT. PRINCIPAL SKINNER'S WAITING ROOM

The Simpsons exit the office with Dr. Pryor. Waiting
outside are Martin Prince and his parents. There is a
strong family resemblance.

DR. PRYOR

So long, folks! Take care of that
brilliant boy for me!

Martin looks at Bart with an incredulous expression. Bart gives him a happy wave. The Simpsons leave.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, Mr. and Mrs. Prince. Could
I have a brief word with you in my
office?

They exit into a different office and shut the door. Martin picks up a book and starts reading.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

(FROM INSIDE OFFICE) Folks, I have
some bad news, but first let me say
we're confident that if we start
special vocational training classes
immediately, Martin will someday be
able to lead an almost normal life.

INT. DISH WASHING CLASS

There are a lot of kids, including Martin, at individual sinks wearing hair nets, rubber gloves, and aprons. They're all washing dishes.

TEACHER

Okay, once again, class, from the
beginning! Dip and soak and scrub
and -- Martin, could you show a little
more enthusiasm, please?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Lisa and Maggie are finishing their breakfast. Homer is on the phone.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hey, Barney, Homer Simpson. You'll never guess what my boy is... No! He's a genius! I don't know either. The psychiatrist says it is a total mystery. Bye.

Bart and Marge enter. Bart is wearing a white shirt and his best pants. Marge is combing his slicked-down hair, parting it in the middle.

BART

Aw, come on, Mom.

MARGE

You look very intelligent, dear.

BART

No way.

He musses his hair up so that it takes its normal shape.
Bart resumes eating; pours himself a bowl of Frosty Krusty
Flakes and begins eating.

HOMER

How about a tie, son? Everybody knows
boy geniuses wear ties.

BART

(MOUTH FULL) You're stifling my
creativity, Dad.

HOMER

Sorry, boy.

MARGE

Bart, this is a big day for you. Why
don't you eat something a little more
nutritious?

HOMER

Nonsense, Marge! Frosty Krusty Flakes
are what got him where he is today.

He picks up the box and reads the label.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It could be one of these chemicals here
that makes him so smart. Lisa, maybe
you should try some of this.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

I'm just saying, why not have two geniuses in the family? Sort of a spare in case Bart's brain blows up.

LISA

(TO BART; QUIETLY) I don't care what that stupid test says, Bart. You're a dimwit.

BART

(QUIETLY, TO LISA) Maybe so, but from now on, this dimwit is on Easy Street.

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - MORNING

Homer drives while Bart sits in back with his feet up.

BART

No rush, Dad. Take the scenic route.

HOMER

Gotcha!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW SCHOOL

Homer parks the car and walks up to the school with Bart, arm over his shoulder, as the other students are entering the building.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Homer and Bart find the room labeled with a sign "Learning Center --Grade IV" in expert calligraphy. Bart looks through a window.

BART'S P.O.V.

All the boys have ties on.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Ties.

HOMER

Don't worry son, you can have mine.

Here, let me show you how to put on a tie.

He takes his tie off. It's a clip-on.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The hook goes over the top and these things go in there.

BART

Thanks, Dad.

Without thinking, Homer kisses Bart. They stand there a minute looking at each other.

BART

You kissed me.

HOMER

There is nothing wrong with a father kissing his son, I think. Now go on, boy, and pay attention, because if you do, one day you may achieve something that we Simpsons have dreamed about for generations. You may outsmart someone.

Homer pats Bart on the back and Bart enters the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

"Ms. Melon" is written on the blackboard. Through the glass section of the door Homer and Bart exchange a final wave, then Bart turns and faces the classroom. The room is large, with plenty of space for the dozen or so students, who are still milling about the room, talking in groups. The teacher spots Bart. She is young and pretty with glasses: a good-looking version of Mrs. Krabappel.

MS. MELON

You must be Bart Simpson. I'm

Ms. Melon (PRONOUNCED ME-LAN), your
learning coordinator.

She walks him around the room as she talks. The room is full of the students' artwork, all of it impressive. Graceful vases are around the pottery wheel. Large abstract murals and cubist paintings are on the walls. They come to a stop at the bookcase.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Let me say right at the start that we
have one rule here: make your own
rules. If you feel sleepy, take a nap.
If you get bored, feel free to take out
a book and start reading.

BART

What should I read, m'am?

MS. MELON

Why, anything you want, Bart.

BART'S P.O.V.

Bart searches the bookcase and sees such titles as The Iliad," "The Odyssey," "Crime and Punishment," "Paradise Lost," and "Dante's Inferno." Suddenly his view zooms in on a "Radioactive Man" comic book. He picks it up and starts looking through it, but Ms. Melon snatches it away.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Well, how did this get mixed in here?

We used it last week as a prop in a
film we made about illiteracy.

She tosses the comic book into a trash can and leads Bart to the cluster of desks. Two boys, SIDNEY and ETHAN, and a girl, CECILE, are sitting on the desks. The girl is watching two cages, each containing a hamster. The boys are looking at a computer on one of the desks.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Bart, these are the students who will
share your work area. This is Ethan
Foley.

ETHAN

O Memsahib Bart, Rabbi has memo.

BART

What?

MS. MELON

(WRITES ON THE BLACKBOARD) Ethan's
very good with palindromes -- you know,
sentences spelled the same backwards
and forwards. And this is Sidney
Swift.

SIDNEY

"Trab, ing norm doog."

BART

What's your problem?

MS. MELON

Oh, don't mind Sidney. He's just speaking in backwards phonetics today. He said "Good morning, Bart." And this is Cecile Shapiro.

CECILE

Hi, Bart.

Bart notices Cecile's hamsters.

BART

Cool. Hamsters!

(TAPS ON CAGE) What are their names?

CECILE

(LOOKS PUZZLED) Hamster number one has been infected with a staphylococci virus. Hamster number two is the control hamster.

BART

Hi, li'l control hamster.

MS. MELON

I wouldn't get too attached, Bart.

We're dissecting him next week.

Ms. Melon moves to the front of the classroom.

MS. MELON

Discover your desks, people.

The students sit down.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Now, let's all welcome the newest
member of our collective experience,
Bart Simpson.

The kids AD-LIB "Hellos" in various languages, backwards
phonetics, and anagrams.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

And now we can continue our debate from
yesterday. When we left off, Calvin
and Tanya were arguing that free will
is an illusion.

CALVIN

The deal is, our decisions are based on
experience, which comes mainly from a
culture we didn't shape.

TANYA

And a family we didn't choose.

Bart follows the discussion nervously. Looking around, he
sees the students coolly considering the arguments, nodding
or shaking their heads. Bart notices a girl across the
room looking at him and drawing.

CALVIN

Yes, if you had, like, complete
knowledge of a person's experience, you
could predict nearly every decision a
guy would make.

IAN

If you ask me, humankind has freedom,
a freedom fraught with paradoxes. Freud
shows how childhood shapes our
subconscious mind, but this helps us to
think for ourselves.

MS. MELON

Very good, Ian. Does anyone else have
an example of a paradox? (THEY ALL
RAISE THEIR HANDS)

ETHAN

Without law and order, man has no
freedom.

CECILE

If you want peace, you must prepare for
war.

MS. MELON

Uh mmm, uh mmm... Well, it seems the
smartest child in the class is also the
quietest. Bart, what other paradoxes
affect our lives?

Bart is jolted to hear his name.

BART

Well... you're damned if you do and
you're damned if you don't.

MS. MELON

Yes, well, I guess that would be a
paradox, too. (CHUCKLES) Thank you,
Bart.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Whew!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

The gifted students eat in a small dining hall. At one table a group of students are eating sushi with chopsticks; one of them has a "Bridesead Revisited" lunch box. At another table Calvin takes a thermos bottle out of his "Anatoly Karpov" lunch box and opens it. Bart is sitting with Cecile, Sidney, Ethan, Ian and Calvin. He takes a big hero sandwich out of his Krusty the Klown lunchbox.

CALVIN

Tell you what, Bart! I'll trade you
the weight of a bowling ball on the
eighth moon of Jupiter from my lunch
for the weight of a feather on the
second moon of Neptune from your lunch.

BART

Well, okay.

Calvin takes Bart's sandwich and gives him back a grain of rice.

CALVIN

There you go.

The others CHUCKLE.

SIDNEY

I will trade you one thousand
picoliters of my milk for four gills of
yours.

BART

Well, all right.

Nelson takes Bart's milk carton and pours a couple of drops
into Bart's plastic cup.

SIDNEY

Anything you say.

All but Bart **CHUCKLE**.

CECILE

I will bet my orange against your
banana you can't tell me who's buried
in Grant's tomb.

BART

That's easy. Grant.

CECILE

And Mrs. Grant.

She grabs the banana to **STIFLED LAUGHTER**.

IAN

Uh Bart, will you wager your cupcake
against my... cookies?

BART

(**SADLY**) Save your breath.

Bart hands him the cupcake and wanders off dejectedly.

ETHAN (V.O.)

What do you think of the new kid?

IAN (V.O.)

A rather mediocre genius.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Yes, not very bright at all.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Homer enters. Bart is on his bed reading a "Radioactive Man" comic book and sipping a can of soda through a straw.

HOMER

So how was it?

~~BART~~

Os-Os.

HOMER

What?

BART

That's backwards for So-So.

HOMER

Wow! What are you reading there?

(LOOKS) Comic books? Uh, guess you
don't want to overheat the old noggin,
eh? (PATS BART'S HEAD)

HOMER (CONT'D)

Tell you what: To celebrate your first day of genius school, whaddaya-say we go out for a round of frosty chocolate milkshakes?

BART

All righty!

Marge and Lisa appear in the doorway.

MARGE

Bart, I feel so bad for going so many years without...uh...hmmm... What's that word where you encourage something to grow?

Homer and Bart shrug, AD LIB: "NN-NN-NN" ("I dunno").

LISA

Nurturing.

MARGE

Nurturing your brilliant brain, so I got tickets to the opera tonight. Hurry up, get dressed! It starts at eight.

BART

Oh, Mom! Not tonight.

HOMER

Come on, Bart, your mother's only trying to help. So go ahead and enjoy the show.

MARGE

Homer, you're going, too.

HOMER

But I'm not a genius. Why should I
suffer?

INT. OPERA HOUSE

The scene opens on the opera in progress on the stage. We see the PERFORMERS SINGING. We then see Homer, Marge, Bart and Lisa sitting in a box.

BART

Hey, Lis, keep an eye out for the guy
with the peanuts.

MARGE

There ain't no guy with peanuts, dear.

HOMER

Jeez. No beer... no opera dogs...

MARGE

Shhh!

The orchestra PLAYS "The March of the Toreadors". Bart SINGS along.

BART

(SINGS LOW) "Toreador, oh don't spit
on the floor. Please use the cuspidor,
that's what it's for."

Homer and Bart both GIGGLE.

MARGE

Bart, stop fooling around. Homer, stop
encouraging him.

HOMER

Don't stifle the boy, Marge. We're
supposed to encourage him.

MARGE

Shhhh.

They listen for a few more seconds. Homer starts to fake
SNORING, and Bart joins in. Both start GIGGLING again.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Shhh!

HOMER

Who's the lard butt?

LISA

He's the bullfighter.

~~WART~~

No way a bull is gonna miss a target
that big, man.

Both CHUCKLE, stop, then look at each other and start
LAUGHING again. Lisa starts GIGGLING. Homer makes VULGAR
NOISES by sticking his hand in his armpit. Marge buries
her face in her hands. Bart makes VULGAR NOISES by putting
his palms over his mouth and blowing.

SOME CLOSE-UP SEATS

We see Martin and his parents watching the opera. They
turn around and look behind them.

MR. PRINCE

Who are those people?

STAGE

We see a fat woman SINGING a solo.

SIMPSONS' BOX

Everybody but Marge is still having a great time.

HOMER

P.U. When is this over?

BART

It ain't over till the fat lady sings.

HOMER

Is that one fat enough for you, son?

Homer and Bart CHUCKLE.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Let's go get a burger.

The Simpsons get up and start walking out, Homer's arm around Bart, as the opera continues.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Ms. Melon is writing an extremely complex series of equations on the blackboard. There is a curve drawn on an x and y axis on an adjacent board. the final equation on the board is $y=r^3/3$.

MS. MELON

So Y equals R cubed over three, and if you determine the rate of change in this curve correctly, I think you will be pleasantly surprised.

After a second, all the students start LAUGHING QUIETLY except Bart, who returns a blank stare. Ms. Melon writes on the board as she explains it to Bart.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Well, don't you get it, Bart?

Derivative D-Y equals three R squared
D R over three, or R squared D R, or
R D R R. Hardy-har-har! Get it?

BART

Oh, yeah. (A WEAK CHUCKLE)

EXT. OLD SCHOOL - DAY

Bart, walking home, comes up on the old schoolyard. He looks at the corner where he painted the picture of the principal and sees that the graffiti is now enclosed in a glass case with a title card reading "'Principal', by Bartholomew Simpson." Bart is delighted to see his old gang playing marbles.

BART

Hey, guys! Great to see ya.

MILHOUSE

Get lost, Poindexter.

RICHARD

Yeah, beat it, Professor.

LEWIS

Why don't you go build a rocket ship,
Brainiac?

Bart SIGHS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Simpsons are at dinner table.

MARGE

Well, come on, you two. Don't forget
about the film festival.

BART

The what?

HOMER

(GROANS) Sorry, Bart. Your mother
bought us tickets to a snooty movie
directed by some Swedish meatball.

BART

Oh, no.

HOMER

Well, I guess we don't have to do that.

BART

Uh, look Dad, I got something to tell
you.

HOMER

Can it wait, son? It's getting kinda
dark.

MARGE'S P.O.V. - OUT THE WINDOW

Although it's getting a little dark, Homer and Bart are in
the backyard playing catch under the porch light. Homer is
making a stiff attempt at a pitcher's windup; he doesn't
bend much at the waist and his front leg is straight when
he raises it. Bart is squatting in a catcher's stance. A
garbage-can lid is being used as home plate.

EXT. SIMPSON'S BACK YARD

A pitch comes in to Bart, still in the catcher's stance.

BART

All right, Homer, come on, baby. Right
across the plate-- let me feel the
wind.

HOMER

(GRUNTS)

ANN

Whoa! Strike two! Two and two!

He tosses the ball back to Homer and rests on his knees.

HOMER

Can you still see the ball, Bart?

BART

Don't worry, homeboy, you're not that fast.

HOMER

Oh, you don't think so, eh? Well, here comes some real heat. (GROANS)

He gets back up in the catcher's stance.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - WIDE SHOT

The darkening backyard is shown from a greater distance. In the light from the porch Bart and Homer are mostly silhouetted. Homer throws the pitch.

BART

Whoa! Yeah, strike three! You're outta there.

They continue to play.

EXT SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Bart and Homer walk back into the house.

HOMER

So what was it you wanted to tell me, son?

BART

Uh, nothin', Pop.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW CLASSROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Science class is in session. The students are all working in groups except Bart, who is alone at a table. Most of the students have test tubes over bunsen burners. Another group is dissecting a frog.

Ms. Melon, carrying a clipboard, goes up to Ian, Cecile, and two other boys. They have a few test tubes out but are mostly working on paper. The tubes contain liquids of pure red and blue shades.

IAN

We're designing a structure to grow mercury iodide crystals in a zero-gravity environment more efficiently.

CECILE

If everything goes according to plan, NASA will include it on a future shuttle flight.

MS. MELON

Nice. Keep working.

She moves on to Bart, who has by far the most humongous and confused set of test tubes, burners, rubber tubing and drip valves emptying into Pyrex measuring cups. All of the liquid in the various tubes and cups is bright green. Bart is wearing safety goggles.

MS. MELON

I'm still trying to get you a lab partner, Bart. If we don't get any volunteers soon, I'll assign somebody. Say, what's that? It looks dangerous.

BART

Well, it's really pretty top secret,
ma'm.

MS. MELON

All right, keep going. But you do know
what happens when you mix acids and
bases, right?

BART

'Course I do!

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING

A beautiful sunny day. Birds are **CHIRPING**. A butterfly floats across the screen. Suddenly a flash lights up several of the windows in the school building and a **LOUD EXPLOSION** is heard from the room. Some smoke billows out from the open portions of these windows and green slime coats the rest. After a second or two, the school's fire bell starts to **RING** and children begin to file out of the building.

INT. CLASSROOM

Bart is standing at his table surrounded by Ms. Melon and the students. The room and everything and everyone in it are covered with the green stuff, every square inch. Bart is both green and singed.

BART

Sorry.

INT. OLD SCHOOL - DR. PRYOR'S OFFICE

Bart, still green and tattered, is sitting in a chair in front of the desk. The safety goggles are off, leaving a flesh-colored section around his eyes. Dr. Pryor is behind the desk. On the wall is a large photo of Albert Einstein. Next to it is a large photo of Bart.

DR. PRYOR

Now Bart, we want to emphasize that nobody's angry about this. We're, we're just concerned. When a young man with a two hundred sixteen I.Q. can't make a simple experiment work, well, it doesn't take a Bart Simpson to figure out that something's wrong. Tell me, is the class moving too slowly for you?

BART

Lord, no.

DR. PRYOR

Well then what can we do to make you happy?

BART

I want to go back to my old class.

DR. PRYOR

Oh but, Bart, don't you remember the boredom... the ennui... the intellectual malaise?

BART

Yeah, well, you know...kinda... but I was thinking I could go undercover.

DR. PRYOR

Undercover? Bart, I'm intrigued. Go on.

BART

Well, I could pretend I'm a regular dumb kid. You know... to study them, and all the stuff they do with each other. You know, see what makes them tick.

DR. PRYOR

I see... like Jane Goodall and the chimps.

BART

Yeah.

DR. PRYOR

Uh huh, this is most impressive, Bart. You write up your proposal while I talk to Principal Skinner.

BART

Proposal?

DR. PRYOR

You know, outline your project, what you hope to achieve, what you'll require to do it.

BART

Gotcha, man.

Dr. Pryor exits. Bart takes paper and pencil from the top of his desk. He thinks for a second and then begins to write.

BART (CONT'D; V.O.)

"My Proposal" by Bart Simpson. I want
to pretend I am a regular dumb kid...
period. By this I hope to achieve...
No... For this I will require...

(SIGHS) Aw, man!

He stops and thinks, scratches his head, chews his pencil,
then violently erases everything he has written, smearing
the paper and tearing a few holes in it. He continues on
the same sheet.

BART (CONT'D; V.O.)

(SIGHS) "My Confession" by Bart
Simpson. I am a regular dumb kid...
period. I cheated on my intelligence
test... period.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD SCHOOL - DR. PRYOR'S OFFICE

Dr. Pryor returns. Bart is finished writing.

DR. PRYOR

Uh, finished already? (CHUCKLES)
Principal Skinner will be very
interested to...to...

Dr. Pryor takes the paper from Bart and reads it.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Oh. You know, you misspelled
"confession."

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - LIVING ROOM

Homer is sitting down reading the paper. Lisa, Marge, and Maggie are watching TV. **SFX: FRONT DOOR SLAMS.** Bart enters, still green and tattered.

LISA

Hey, lookin' good, Bart.

MARGE

Bart, what happened?

BART

I had a little accident in chemistry today.

HOMER

Well, I bet it's nothing a little turpentine won't take off. Come on, son.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON BACK PORCH

Homer is sponging Bart down with paint thinner, then hosing him off. Bart has stripped to his shorts.

HOMER

Don't be discouraged, son. I bet Einstein turned himself all sorts of colors before he invented the lightbulb.

BART

Dad... I gotta tell you something...
I hope you won't be too mad...

HOMER

(CONCERNED) What is it, son?

BART

I'm not a genius, Dad.

HOMER

What?

BART

I cheated on the intelligence test.

I'm sorry. But I just want to say that the past few weeks have been great. Me and you have done stuff together, you've helped me out with things, and we're closer than we've ever been. I love you, Dad, and I think if something can bring us that close, it can't possibly be bad.

BART'S P.O.V. - HOMER

Homer's face clouds over more and more.

HOMER

Why, you little -- !

He starts after Bart.

BART

Wuh oh!

Bart takes off, running into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Marge, Lisa and Maggie are watching TV. Maggie is **SUCKING**. Bart streaks across the screen in his underwear, leaving a trail of the green stuff.

BART

(EXTENDED SCREAMING) Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Bart's feet are heard **POUNDING** up the stairs. Homer streaks across the screen. A door **SLAMS** upstairs. Homer **POUNDS** his way up the stairs.

MARGE

What's going on up there?

LISA

I think Bart's stupid again, Mom.

MARGE

Oh, well.

INT SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Homer is **BANGING** on Bart's door.

HOMER

You can't stay in there forever!

BART

I can try.

HOMER

March your butt right out here. Now!

BART

No way, man!

HOMER

But-- Son, I want to "kiss you"... and
"hug" you... and "forgive you"... and
make you feel all better.

BART

Aw, come on, Homer! I'm not that
stupid!

There are AD-LIBS of YELLS OF RAGE.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

The banging continues.

FADE OUT:

THE END